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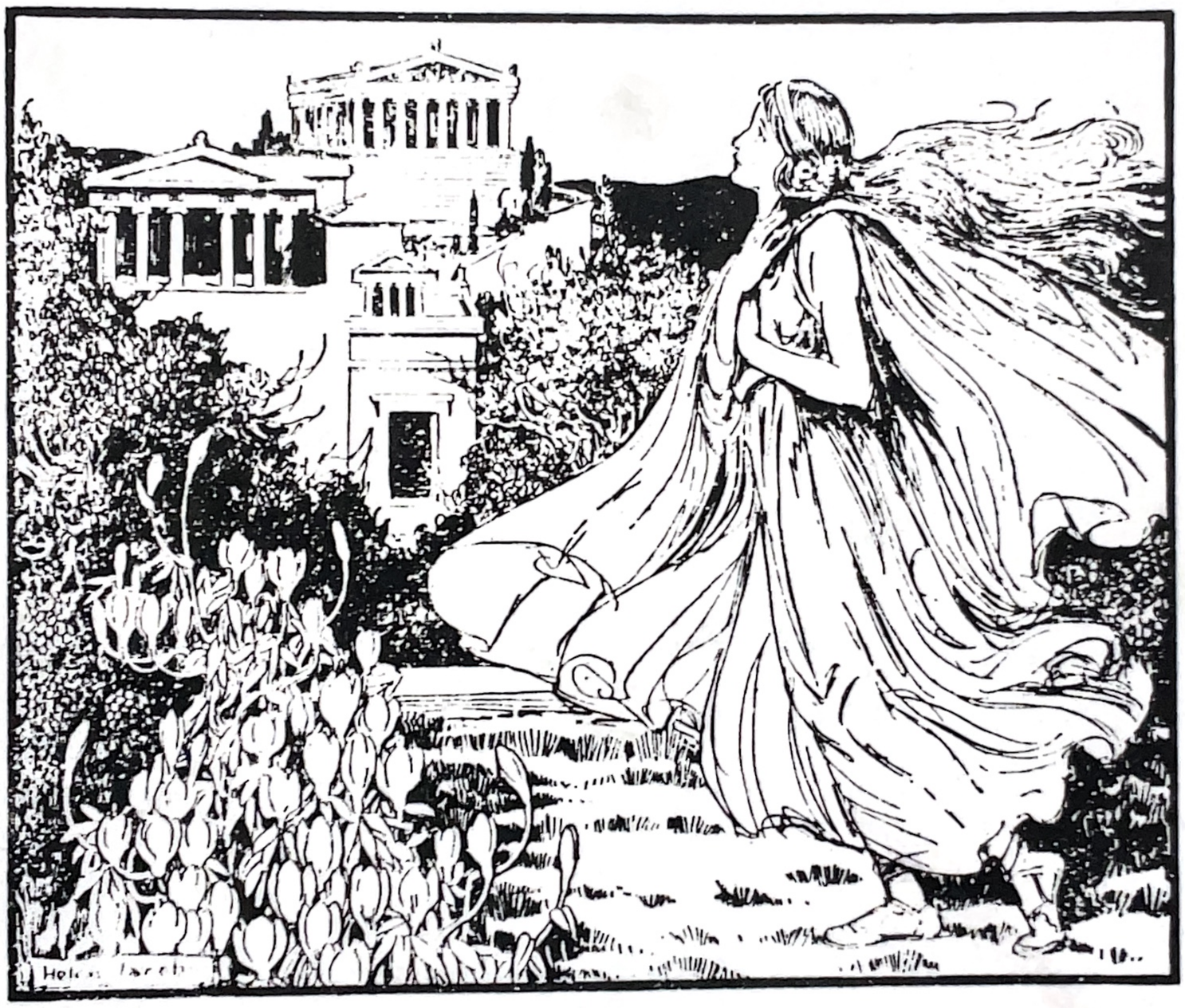
BREAKING THE TIME BARRIER

(The Moira Handbook)



Psychic adventures into the female civilisations of the deep past

WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS

75p

THE MOIRA HANDBOOK

CONTENTS

Guide to the method 3
Projection 1 8
Projection 2 10
Projection Technique 12
Projection 3 15
Projection 4 16
Projection 5 18
Projection 6 19
Projection 7 22
Projection 8 24
Final Words 25

Time Chart 7

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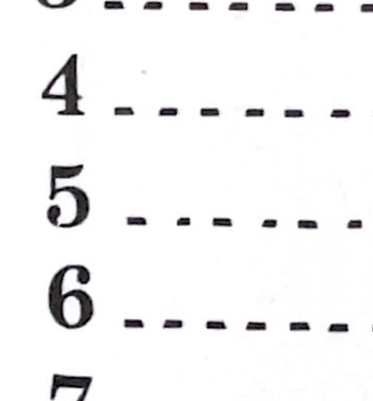

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GUIDE TO THE METHOD

WE *DO NOT* only live once. We live many times; passing from one life to another, from one body to another. This, in essence is the doctrine of reincarnation. It has been believed by nearly all ancient civilisations. Recent surveys show that more modern English people believe in reincarnation than in the Christian doctrine of heaven and hell, and numerous investigations have turned up almost overwhelming evidence in its favour.

The Method

The purpose of this handbook is to make available a method by which any individual can experience some of her own past lives. It is not the first such method; but it is the first which is simple enough for any untrained person to use, perfectly safe, and effective in nearly all cases.

The method is the result of two important discoveries. Firstly an extraordinarily effective technique for projecting the conscious self out of the physical body through space and time. Nobody knows for certain *why* this technique works so well, but experience proves that it does. The technique is explained in detail in the fourth section of this handbook.

The second discovery is even more important than the first. It accounts for a very large proportion of the failures in previous reincarnation experiments and provides a solution. Like so many really important discoveries, it is very simple and involves the application of facts which have been well-known for years.

For a long time now, it has been evident that humanity is far older than was once supposed. Old-fashioned prehistorians believed that the most rudimentary human skills were developed about 25,000 years ago and that civilisation was only about 5,000 years old. Archaeology has now discovered whole cities at least twice that age, and the imprints of well-made shoes have been found in coal seams at least fifteen *million* years old! Numerous other artefacts of a similar once-incredible age have been found, including square-headed nails, fine gold wire and a perfectly ground optical lense. This means that ancient civilisations existed long before the so-called stone ages.

This fact, while relatively new to orthodox science, has long been known to those who have been trained to perceive and interpret the records of the Akasha (the spiritual ether which permeates all physical matter and retains impressions of all physical events) or who are adept in other methods of psychic investigat-

ion.

Matriarchy

Now although these ancient societies were certainly highly civilised, they were also very different from our own type of society. Archaeology shows that the Deity represented in all the temples was female, that the priesthood was female and that, in all probability, women held the same leading role in these societies that men hold in ours. Modern researchers term such societies *matriarchal* as opposed to modern *patriarchal* society.

But psychic investigation indicates that matriarchal societies were not simply "upside-down" patriarchies but that their whole outlook and values were radically different. They valued spiritual things far above material things. They did not develop technology, although they had the resources, intelligence and organisation to do so, but were adept at extrasensory communication, spiritual healing and other psychic arts. A deep and spiritual religion was the centre of their life; they felt themselves close to God, and believed that the overriding purpose of life was to attune themselves wholly to Her. This religion we call *Madrian*, meaning simply "of the Mother". They fought no wars except towards the end of the matriarchal ages when they had fallen away from their religious vision and the first signs of the patriarchal order were appearing.

Time-Barriers

Now why is this information of such importance for the recovery of past lives? The reason lies in a phenomenon known as a *time-barrier* - a psychological "block" which prevents one from regressing back beyond a certain point in time.

Just such a barrier seems to exist in almost anyone who does not know at least a little about the matriarchal civilisations. Matriarchal culture is so different from that to which we are accustomed that they seem unable to make the "jump", or if by chance they do, they disbelieve what they see and regard the experiment as a failure. Also, since most people have been conditioned to assume that the further back they go the more "primitive" things will become, there is a deep subconscious fear of projecting back many thousands of years and opening up the abyss of primaeval savagery, stripped of all the blessings of humane civilisation and intelligence.

A glance at the time-chart (page 7) will show that the main body of human history is matriarchal. Patriarchy is only a brief interlude. Therefore the time-barrier restricts the area of possible exploration to a tiny fraction of the whole. This in itself cuts down the possibility of a successful projection quite considerably. But we must add to this the fact that while some people are reborn into earthly life almost immediately after death, it is far more usual for there to be a "gap" of anything from a hundred years to several thousand, spent largely in various non-physical states which are too different from our earthly life to be properly recalled. This means that most people will have had very few incarnations during the patriarchal era, and many none at all other than their present one.

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Taking the known period of human civilisation, the simple law of averages suggests that any given person will have had something like three thousand matriarchal pre-incarnations for every single patriarchal one! For practical purposes the figure is far lower, however, because at a certain point in the matriarchal period we reach a second time-barrier which has only rarely been broken. It seems that when human souls were first incarnate in earthly bodies, these bodies were far less solid and physical than they are now, and that mind and imagination had far more power to shape both both the body and the surrounding environment. In occult terminology, the astral and physical planes interreacted far more closely with one another. This period is therefore termed the "astral aeon". Because we have now slipped so deeply into physical matter, it is impossible for us to fully understand a semi-physical existence, and there comes a point beyond which we can regress no further. Projection 7 comes closer to this barrier than any of our other work so far. But potentially, an individual will have anything upwards of about fifty *recoverable* matriarchal pre-incarnations, possibly several hundred, and only a few if any patriarchal ones. Of these she will find some easier than others to recover and some quite impossible.

Most people who fail to recover pre-incarnations do so because they have no patriarchal ones, or the few they do have fall into the difficult or impossible categories; and they are prevented from recovering the others by the first time-barrier.

Another importance of breaking this barrier lies in the nature of Madrian-matriarchal society itself. In experiments concerning patriarchal pre-incarnations it has often been noted that a disproportionate number of them fall in places and periods such as ancient Egypt, where there was a high knowledge of spiritual matters and of the nature of life after death. It seems that the soul can move more freely into such periods, perhaps because it is easier to reconcile the travelling consciousness with a past self which is not in ignorance or fear of such matters.

All matriarchal societies, particularly the early and middle period ones, had a far deeper knowledge of psychic and spiritual realities than Egypt. In fact the main reason for the superiority of Egyptian knowledge over that of other occidental patriarchal societies is that the transition from matriarchy to patriarchy came relatively late in Egypt, therefore more ancient knowledge survived there in recorded times.

One further reason for the success of matriarchal projections may lie in a phenomenon which many people well versed in spiritual matters believe to be occurring at the present period. The belief was neatly summed up by the well-known occult writer and journalist Stewart Farrar in a recent article:

> ...the readmission of the Goddess to Her proper place in the minds of men and women is probably the most significant religious development of modern times. I will risk a prophecy, because I profoundly believe that it will prove to be true: that over the coming centuries (or even decades) it will be at Her shrines, increasingly and predominantly, that the mass of humanity will worship.
>
> (*Sut Anubis* Vol.1, No.1, p.6)

If this widely-held belief is correct, then it will follow that there is a powerful spiritual link between the present time and the matriarchal ages, and it will be easier to "jump" back into the main body of history than to get to another part of the patriarchal era.

Breaking the Barrier

It is clear that once we have broken the first time-barrier we have entered a new era in reincarnation projection. It is like the difference between the old-fashioned "cat's-whisker" radio and a modern music centre.

But how can this be done? The answer can be summed up in one word: understanding.

The difficulty in penetrating the second barrier arises because we have no way of understanding the conditions of the astral aeon, but with the first barrier there is no such difficulty. It is quite easy to get a basic grasp of the nature of matriarchal society. A careful reading of the projection accounts in this book will give you an adequate foundation to begin with. They have been carefully selected from a much larger volume of material as being the ones which give the most practical information about the societies in which they take place.

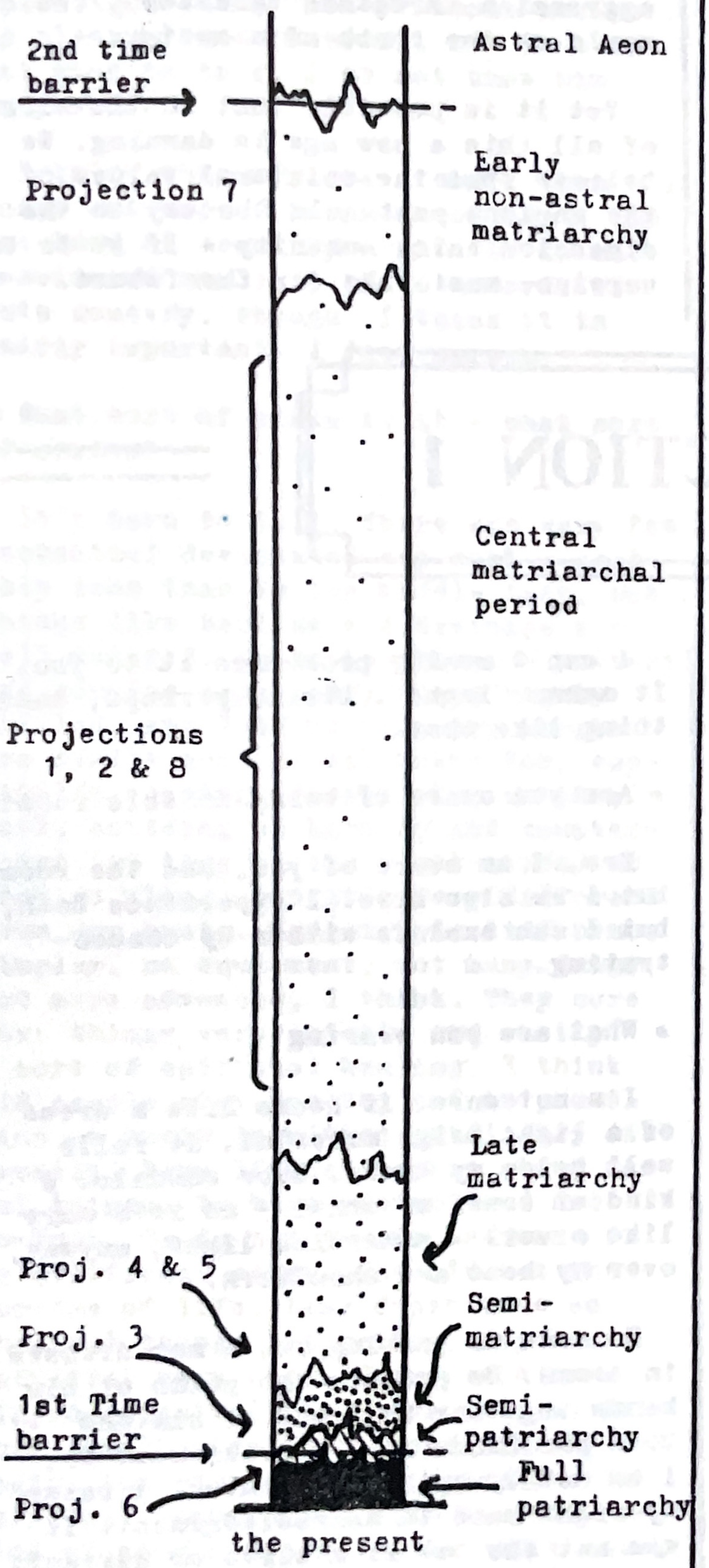
The time chart will give you a rough guide to where you are going. The lines between the various periods are not straight because there were no sudden transitions - there was always a long period of adjustment, and changes always happened much later in some parts of the world than in others. Very often the earliest movements of a change were defeated temporarily, only to recur later. And sometimes there were dramatic reversals, as when the Amazons revived pure Madrian religion in the semi-patriarchal age after it had been all but lost in the semi-matriarchal era (see projection *6*).

The Periods

The best way to get some idea of each period is to study the projections which fall within them. The late-matriarchal period, (projections 4 and 5) seems to have been a time of great cities with powerful princesses or queens, and the rise and fall of great matriarchal empires. This did did not affect the whole world uniformly, and many places continued to live for most of the period much as they had in central-matriarchal times. It is believed that a technological society arose in the last few hundred years much like our own, which overspread the whole earth and then destroyed itself in some disaster such as the abuse of nuclear or solar power.

The semi-matriarchal period which arose after this still saw women in control of society. There was a great religious revival after the irreligion of the last few centuries of late-matriarchy, but this declined again, and patriarchal ideas began to make inroads in society and religion.

The semi-patriarchal period was a peculiar time. Men controlled society, but religion was still a female preserve. Descent passed down the female line, and a king gained office only by marrying a queen. There was a slow transition to full patriarchy. The first kings would wear a queen's robes to show that they were really



Time Chart

the male equivalent of a queen, and not just a consort.

You must take great care to fix the time-chart clearly in your mind. It is only a very rough guide, but it is the nearest thing to a navigation-chart available for your journeys into these partially-explored time regions. Your own explorations may well play a part in helping to develop far more detailed charts for the future.

This chart, together with the other material in the handbook, will provide you with a sufficient understanding of matriarchy to enable you to break the time-barrier. Once you are "tuned in" to matriarchal culture, the barrier will no longer exist for you.

As you gain experience, you will quickly become aquainted with the special"feel" of matriarchal life, with its uniquely spiritual quality and its "rhythm"(things impossible to convey in cold print) and the task will become easier and easier. If you want to go deeper in your investigations, it will be helpful to gain at least a working knowledge of modern Madrianism.

* * * * * *

Much of what has been said may be new and strange to you. Some of the instructions in the projection technique may seem absurd and pointless. Just accept them for the time being as a working hypothesis. The real test is whether they work in practice, and this you will be able to prove for yourself.

We have seen for ourselves that the bringing together of a highly effective projection technique with a mental attunement to the matriarch-

al period has brought about astonishing breakthroughs in reincarnation investigation. But its true significance lies far deeper than that. The world is facing not primarily a material crisis, but a spiritual crisis. Technological knowledge walks hand in hand with spiritual blindness and moral lunacy. Materialistic values and philosophies coarsen the human spirit, and the masculine "virtue" of aggression threatens to destroy the world at the touch of a button.

Yet it is possible that in the midst of all this a new age is dawning. We believe that the spiritual values of the ancient past hold the key to the direction which humanity - if it is to survive- must take for the future.

PROJECTION 1

Note: The projections have been specially selected to give an impression of the society in which they take place. They have been edited partly from considerations of space and partly in order to cut out irrelevant or repetitive material. Passages marked • are questions put by the guide. The explorer is Celia.

* * * * * * *

I seem to be walking along a road. It is towards dark, late summer, I should say. The air is very warm.

• Describe your surroundings.

I think it is a town or city - but I know there are fields nearby. Several very white buildings, painted or whitewashed. A very clean classical appearance. I know also that there are some tall buildings in light grey stone and with very elaborate architecture, but they are at the centre. I can't see them. Everything here is very simple and plain.

• What is your name?

I can't really pronounce it to you. It means "light". Diral, perhaps, something like that.

• Are you aware of being in this room?

Yes, I am aware of you, and the room, but I am also here. I experience both, but I can exclude either by concentrating.

• What are you wearing?

I'm not sure. It seems like a dress of a light beige material. It falls well below my knees. Rope sandals. A kind of scarf or shawl - no it's more like a veil - something light, anyway, over my head and shoulders.

Someone is passing me. A man dressed in brown. He presses the palms of his hands together in front of him and bows his head. Am I a priestess? No, I am nobody special, I think. I raise my right hand in acknowledgement. It was not the bow of a slave or servant. More like a bow of courtesy given by a Victorian gentleman to a lady - no, more *serious*, somewhere between the

two. Men regard women as superiors, but there is nothing "heavy" about it. He is pleasant and cheerful, but he does not stop to talk. I do not know him very well.

I think this must be a small town - I would not expect to pass someone I did not know at least by sight. It is not considered small by the standards of this country, though. I think it is fairly important. I feel happy.

• What sort of place is it - what sort of period?

It's hard to tell. There are very few mechanical devices of any sort - probably less than in the Middle Ages, but things like heating and drainage are well managed. Artistic things - pottery and carving especially - are highly skilled, and lots of ordinary people are really good at it. Music too, especially singing. People sing as they work, building up harmony and counterpoint (if they're the right words) as they go along. But it's very different from our music. Medicine is different, simpler, no equipment, not many drugs, but more advanced, I think. They cure most things very quickly and easily. A sort of spiritual healing, I think. Old people stay healthy and in possession of their faculties until they die usually. Very little concern about useful things. We have enough food and comfort. We do not try to increase it by artificial means. That is not the purpose of life. Less dependence on physical things altogether. Psychic faculties very high. There is a game played especially by older people. Far more complicated than chess. Partly logic, but partly also concerned with spiritual symbols and with reading the mind of your opponent. I tried it once, but didn't do very well.

• To what ages do people live?

I don't know. There is no great concern with numbers or time. Certain ages have special significance - like fourteen, but on the whole not much counting goes on. There are no clocks, I think. The days of the week are known, but most people would not know offhand what day it was. Everyone would know the phase of the moon. The year is marked out by the religious festivals and by the moon.

Old people are much in evidence, though. Older women seem to lead the community. It makes me see how youth-oriented our society is. Old people are not pathetic here, but wise and mysterious. They also seem livelier and to have lost far less of themselves. Age is partly symbolic. Some old people are considered young if they are not inwardly mature, and some younger ones sit with the elders. Young people are so much younger here. They are light and careless. A person of about forty is considered fairly young...

I am entering my home now. Two teenage boys approach me and bow their heads, pressing their palms before them. One kneels and unlooses my sandals and sprinkles my feet with water. To the other I give my outdoor veil or shawl which he takes with great reverence. They are not servants, but simply the young men of the house. One may be my cousin or my brother.

Some men are talking in the passageway. As I pass they fall silent and turn to me pressing their palms and bowing (I think it is called "reverencing"). I raise my hand. I raise my hand also to other young maids. They raise theirs, and we touch our fingertips together. I meet one older woman more colourfully dressed, with great *presence*. I reverence her. I find this action gives me a strange pleasure or satisfaction. She raises her arm in

reply. It is rather like some dance or ritual. But the actions are not mere formalities. A thrill of something *live* runs through them. They have a religious significance. Yes, I think that is true. There is a great sense of living in the harmony which God Herself has given us; of moving within the music of the spheres.

Another man passes, reverencing me. Again I remember raised hats and rising from chairs. It is odd to think that these were the remnant of so powerful, so strangely beautiful a thing.

I go to the quiet of a little shrine or chapel and kneel before the statue of our Lady. The windows are of blue glass, and the evening sun streams in with a strange cool feeling. Pale stone and silver. Beautiful carving and metal work. Each member of the household has given her finest gift to Her down the generations. I thank Her for my safe return (though I have been less than half a mile away for only a few hours) and She Who is the heavens and the seas is with me. It is a sort of ecstasy. I make the pentacle on on myself and leave, making a sort of deep bow or curtsey.

I enter a large room with seven or eight maids of my own age. They greet me with much love, which they express by touching my fingertips and whirling about me. Physical contact (except fingertips) seems relatively rare. Their dance is free and spontaneous, but measured and disciplined too. The result of strict training at a younger age. God runs through the dance, for She is present in all harmony. They dance their love of me and of our Lady. I dance my love of them and of our Lady. There is no separation in things. Art and life are one. Devotion and life are one.

It strikes me that arts like opera and ballet, and even musicals, where "artificial" things such as song and dance express life situations are attempts to get back to this natural harmony I see about me.

PROJECTION 2

Note: The explorer here is Keith. He is male both in his present life and in this past one, but it can happen that a person will discover lives in which she has been of the other sex.

* * * * * *

I am on grass. I am not standing, I am seated. It is a hill, and I am looking down on a little town - no, a village.

• Can you see your feet?

Yes, they are bare - no, they have straps on them - rather open leather sandals. My legs are bare up to the knees, and I have a sort of grey tunic - no, more olive green. A big belt with a bag or pouch slung from it.

• Can you see your face?

Yes. I am young - in my early

twenties. It is an odd face - attractive, but not like any race we know. Brown - very light brown, very high eyebrows, light brown hair - I really look more like an elf or pixie. I have a sort of band around my neck. It is very new and I am happy about it. I am taking it off to look at. It is metal, very solid, a pale gold colour.

• How can you take it off if it is a solid metal band?

It isn't joined at the middle, it s thick at the middle and tapers to two points. It is quite springy. Very light. I can't think what metal it could be. It is engraved all over with flowers and leaves and religious symbols.

• Can you describe the village?

It all has to do with the band.

• The village?

Yes. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. This is the first time I've been up this hill. The first time alone, anyway. But I will come often. I am looking after sheep. They are all around me on the hill.

• Are they your sheep?

No - well, I suppose so, they are my wife's sheep. The band is from her - or from the priestess. I have only married her recently, and I have come here to live with her. This is her home - and my home now. I used to live quite a long way away.

• What is your home like?

Very big. A large house with a lot of people - mostly my sisters and brothers and mothers and fathers.

• What do you mean?

I mean those of my wife who are now mine. I think her relatives of about our age count as sisters and brothers and older ones as mothers and fathers. But my wife's real mother is the head of our part of the house. The house is really like several houses, only not built separately, and different parts have their own government, if you see what I mean. There aren't many houses in the village, just a few big ones and then smaller buildings attached to them - not physically attached but belonging to them, and some smaller houses belong to more than one great house, so it is all mixed up.

• Who governs the village?

The most holy women. Some are very old, but some are young. My wife is among them. She lives very close to our Lady and sometimes one can see a glow of light about her head and body. It is silvery-white and very pale blue*. When the glow is with her, wild birds do not fear her, and she can do wonderful things. The festivals and religious observances of the year are the most important events in the village. My wife helps to organise them. There is little other government in the village. Each house governs itself.

• Suppose someone commits a crime.

It is dealt with by a priestess or the head of a house if it is great, or a mother or wife or elder sister if it is not - or perhaps a priestess again. Crime seems to be different here - it is not what is actually *done* that seems to matter - it is an upsetting of spiritual harmony both inside and outside the individual. Pun-

* Keith has no occult knowledge, but this is a correct description of the aura of a spiritually advanced person.

ishment restores the balance. It is important that the punishment is understood and accepted. It is more like religious penance. No one is called a criminal or has to leave her home. Bad table manners and theft all come under the same heading. Different in degree, but the same in kind. It is all very calm...

I am putting on the band again. It has round knobs at the ends. My wife has one, but it is white - a white metal. All responsible women have them unless they are penitents. Priestesses have silver ones.

Ours is a very special marriage. It is not like other marriages - although not terribly unusual at this time. A chaste marriage. We have devoted ourselves to our Lady completely.

• Are sexual things considered evil?

Evil? Oh, no. All things are right in their season. But if my wife were not chaste, how could the glow come on her? For perfection there must be perfect purity. It seems obvious, but I can't tell why. The lambs are running about me. I feel happy.

Now I have a piece of wood in my hands, and I am shaping it with a small silver knife. I learned to carve long ago, but my wife is teaching me how to submit to the spirit in the wood and be a channel for creation. Sometimes I see the spirits of the trees and of the waterfall. They are like people, like maids, but smaller, and not physical, and I am letting this wood take the shape of such a spirit as I have seen. When we say we are friends with all the world, we do not mean just people, or even animals, but the whole world. There is so much to see just beyond the physical sight. A great tapestry of life with our Lady at the centre. How strange that in our world people can see none of it. It is a sort of blindness. Here most people can see at least a little.

I know that I will grow and develop here.

PROJECTION TECHNIQUE

Preparation

Do not attempt projection until you have familiarised yourself with the time-chart and studied it in conjunction with the projection-accounts. It is important that the explorer shall have made this preparation thoroughly, and the guides should at least be familiar with the chart and its meaning. The atmosphere should be relaxed. Background music may be used. Any observers should remain silent and not smoke.

We have found it helpful to begin with a short period of prayer to the Mother, Who governs all times and places, for guidance and protection.

Induction

The explorer lies on the floor, a cushion under her or his head, shoes removed. The guide sits at her head, the ancillary guide at her feet.

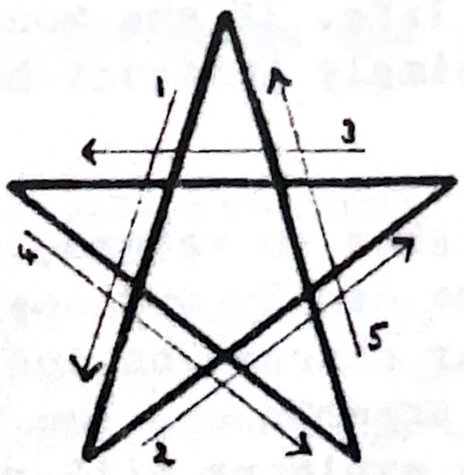
1. The guide tells the explorer to breathe slowly and deeply and to relax. She should let every part of her body go limp. She should be comfortable and warm.

2. Remind her that she will be in control of the experience and can come out of it at any time.

3. The ancillary guide begins to massage the explorer's feet and/or ankles, deepening the state of relaxation.

4. While the foot massage continues, the guide traces the Pentacle on the explorer's forehead at the "third eye" cavity above and between the eyebrows. This is a symbol of the Goddess, and will act as a spiritual protection. Begin at the topmost point and follow the directional pointers in the diagram. Ensure that the topmost point is toward the top of the explorer's head.

The Pentacle



5. Invoke Moira, the Genia of personal fate, in the following words: «Madria Moira, who have led this soul through many lives by the grace of our Lady, unlock for her the gates of time and bring her to spiritual wisdom.»

6. Begin to massage the third eye with the soft edge of the cupped hand. The massage should be quite brisk, but not too hard. The foot massage continues. This lasts for two or three minutes.

Note: If no ancillary guide is available, the guide may begin by massaging the feet for a few minutes and then move to the head and continue as before. The technique does not always work with the absence of the simultaneous double-massage, but perfectly good results have often been achieved with this makeshift method, and it is certainly worth a try.

Exercises

The following instructions are now given to the explorer. Each must be performed successfully before proceeding to the next. The explorer *must* report on her progress at every stage.

1. Keep your eyes closed. Visualise your feet. Visualise yourself growing by two inches through the feet. Imagine yourself extending by two inches at the ankles (she may either see or feel this or both). Tell me when this is achieved.

2. Now return to your normal length.

3. This process should be repeated two or three times to get the explorer really fluent at it. Ensure that she always says what is happening.

4. Again, feel yourself extending by two inches, but this time through your *head*. Your whole upper body will lengthen. Return.

5. Return to the feet. Again extend through the feet, but this time by twelve inches. Return.

6. Repeat the twelve-inch extension for the head. Return.

7. Now have her extend twenty four

inches through the feet, but this time she should *not* return.

8. Now, without retracting the feet, have her extend twenty-four inches through the head.

9. While extended in both directions, tell her to expand all over, growing in all directions like a huge balloon.

These exercises will have released the subtle body from its habitual attatchment to the physical. It is now necessary to develop the powers of mobility and vision.

Visualisation

1. Ask her to see herself in her normal shape, but standing outside her own front door. Ask her to describe it in detail. Get her to look not only at the door, but also up, down and around it.

2. Ask her now to imagine herself on the roof of the building in which she lives. Ask her to describe the scene. Again, ask a lot of questions to bring out details. Ask her to look behind, ahead and all around. Is it day or night? What is the weather like?

3. Now ask her to go straight up into the air about 500 yards. Bring out details. Ask her to turn a full circle describing all she sees. Ask again about weather and time of day.

4. Whether it is day or night, ask her to change it into the opposite. Ask her to describe the scene.

5. Now change it back again. Repeat this if it does not come easily at first.

6. Ask *who* is changing it from day to night and back again. Let her realise that she herself is in control.

Projection

We are now ready to proceed with the projection proper.

1. Ask her to soar thousands of feet into the air. As the earth becomes more distant, let her feel herself moving backwards in time. Tell her to 'feel' the centuries and millennia falling away.

2. Now let her return, keeping the picture in bright sunshine, slowing down as the ground comes nearer, and landing gently, feet first. If she is at sea, ask her to travel to land before coming down.

3. Ask her to describe her feet, then proceed to question her about her appearance, dress and surroundings. Keep asking for details; this will help to 'fix' the experience.

From here on there can be no set instruction. Each situation will differ. The guide must maintain contact with the explorer at all times. Do not let her fall silent for more than a minute or so. Keep asking questions if necessary, but try not to interrupt if the explorer is talking freely. When she has finished exploring, ask her if she wishes to return or whether she would like to move on in time to another part of that life. If she would like to move on, simply instruct her to do so.

When she wishes to return, simply ask her to breathe deeply and open her eyes. Allow time for discussion and examination of the experience. You will often find that the explorer will remember a number of fresh details about that life and the time in which it was set, even though they were not present in the experience.

It is a good idea to make a tape recording of the projection and of the discussion which follows it. Start the machine from the time of the landing and place the microphone quite near to the explorer's face.

PROJECTION 3

Note: The explorer is Mary.

...now I am surrounded by gold and marble. It is really quite overwhelming. Elaborate pictures and decorations everywhere. I am in a great hall. It is far more magnificent than anything I have seen so far. And yet there is something... well, too much, about it all. I feel a bit sick with it, as if I'd eaten too much. I feel rather anxious and afraid. Yet it is wonderful. The ceiling is very high, supported by dozens of thin columns, spiralling up in white and gold. Every space of wall is painted with fanciful scenes in rich colours and ornamental borders. The one near me shows women jumping horses over a group of children dressed as bears and wolves and - and a peacock, I think it is. A couple of the children look afraid, but the rest seem happy enough. Nearby men dressed in terribly bright colours are playing musical instruments. They are always doing that here - always inventing new games and entertainments.

• Do you know where you are?

At the palace of the empress. She is only the ruler of a small country really, but she calls herself an empress. She will not like what I am going to do. I am half afraid of her, but I don't think she will hurt me. I am still afraid, even if she doesn't hurt me.

• What are you going to do?

I'm not sure. I decided last night. I've been trying to decide for months, but last night I felt our Lady was with me, and I wept and asked Her to forgive me, and I promised Her that I would go in the morning.

• Go where?

Away. Away forever. Into the hills. And never come back to this beautiful palace.

• Why?

Because it is wrong. They are wrong. The empress and her husband and all their childish friends. Her husband has a beard divided into little plaits and each one seems to be coated with gold. I have often wondered how it is done. He is a cruel man at heart, and I would be dead if he had his way, but he is afraid of her and she is afraid to touch me - besides, she is not evil.

• Who are you?

I am a priestess. She has about forty priestesses here. She is a priestess herself also. The chief priestess. The empress is always the chief priestess - but that's wrong. In the old days the princess was princess only because she was chief priestess, now it's the other way round, and she isn't a real priestess at all. Not in the eyes of the Goddess, and she knows it really. She has brought in all sorts of terrible things into the temple - blasphemous rites from foreign countries where everything has gone bad. That is partly her husband's doing. She knows it is wrong, and part of her is afraid. They all are. That is why they plunge themselves into their mad games and drink themselves into a stupor all the time and can't bear anyone to say a word

against them.

But they aren't really bad - not most of them - just silly. They wouldn't do anything really bad. Oh but they *are* doing something really bad. Their rites and their whole way of life are attracting the most hideous spirits. If our mothers of a few generations back could come in here they would run in terror. They could see these things. I have seen them too. One evening I could just see everything - loathsome keres* running in and out of doors and up the passages, screaming and laughing, clinging round people's necks, and they were dancing and nobody could see.

But I am not the only one. Others have seen them. They tell me in confession; the children especially, poor things. Some of them daren't sleep for days. I give them little charms to keep the keres off, but how can I tell them the truth? They guess, a lot of them. You see, I have celebrated some of those rites.

• What are they?

Oh, false gods, male gods. One is said to be the lover of the Goddess. They have sexual acts in the temple. It is a mockery of devotion, and they want real priestesses to take part - that makes them feel it must be alright. That's why they will hate me leaving. It will frighten them for a little while, but they'll soon get over it.

There was an old woman here. She was the real chief priestess among us, though she wasn't called a chief priestess. She left a long time ago, and after that the real priestesses went one by one. I am one of the last. She told me where to find her. She is in hiding. There is no danger, but she believes that things will get worse before long In the country where the empress's husband comes from they kill and torture people. She said that once evil starts it never stays still. It either turns back or gets worse. I don't know.

Perhaps I shall become a quiet country priestess. Some priestesses have taken the new cult out into the country, but the country people won't have anything to do with it. Either priestesses are shamed back into faith or the people worship in their own houses. Lots of little country chapels are empty. Perhaps I shall go to one of them. I still feel anxious and upset inside. I think it is that I am still in love with the life of the city and the court. But I am definitely decided to go.

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*a sort of demon-like spirit.

PROJECTION 4

Note: The society depicted in this projection seems more 'worldly' than the others. For this and for some other reasons, we have attributed it to the latter part of the late-matriarchal period. The explorer is Chrysothemis.

* * * *

• Where are you?

In a wood, looking into a small

clearing. It is very still and silent, peaceful. Early spring from the colour of the grass; late afternoon.

• What are you wearing?

A short tunic, rather like my school gym tunic - gathered at the waist, with short sleeves. But brown, not green.

• How old are you?

I'm not sure. Perhaps about fourteen, but that's an older age to me here than normally. I have fair curly hair.

• Where do you live?

A white house - no, a cottage. In the country, but with some other cottages round about. I live with someone slightly younger, perhaps my maid or a younger sister. I can't remember my life as a child or my mother. But I have an older friend who lives nearby - she has three young children... (the explorer moved forward five years)

I'm wearing a long blue dress, standin a hall. Very big and spacey. There's mosaic on the floor. Some new windows, lots of tiny panes. They have been put in to let more light into the hall. There's a heavy dark wooden table - mahogany, I think - and chairs. They look a bit out of place now everything is so much brighter. I am visiting here; I've been here for a few weeks. It's my cousin's house now. She had the new windows put in - most of the rooms have been changed in some way. The house is on a small estate at the edge of the town. About twenty people live here.

• Are there any men in the household?

Yes, but only servants.

• Do you know any married people? Is there marriage?

I'm not sure. Some women live with men who are not servants as such, but I don't know about marriage. Some men live with their sisters, but I have the impression that there are very few men here and that most are servants. Servants seem to be on quite familiar terms with everyone and are often close friends of their mistresses. And nobody works very hard. There aren't many children either. I don't know if there are many men anywhere else. It doesn't seem strange at all, though.

• What do you do here?

I spend a lot of time visiting people, my cousin's friends. Being introduced. I don't like that very much. I remember spending hours in the library in the house. The books are really beautiful - lots of them - heavy creamy paper, beautifully coloured pictures, rich bindings. One is a herbal - a huge book with lots of pictures of plants and flowers. I don't know whether they are printed or written. Some are scrolls.

• What does your cousin do?

She is always out and about. I think she's quite well known here. Local politics, I think. There is a very informal system of government here. Nobody has much real power; nobody outside either - no outside government, I mean. Everything which affects the town is decided by a few women like my cousin, but it's not very substantial. Some of them are priestesses, I think, but I don't have the impression that's of any importance.

• Are there any chapels or temples in the town?

I hardly know. The house has a chapel - and a priestess, a very old lady, very remote. She has sort of retired here. The chapel is highly decorated. The seats are of carved ivory inlaid with different kinds of wood.

PROJECTION 5

Note: It often happens that a projection leads the explorer to a crucial point in her past life. In this case it is a turning point in the period immediately after a life. Discarnate projections are relatively rare, but they do occur from time to time. The time again is the latter part of the late-matriarchal period, perhaps a few hundred years after Projection 4. The explorer is Sally.

* * * * * * *

I can't land. I'm not sure where I am, but I am somewhere definite. There are people walking about, but they don't see me. A market place. Women kneeling on the ground playing a game with coloured stones. I've been here often but I don't belong here any more. I am dead. Yes, I'm sure of that. I used to live here, and I was often at this market, but I've been dead for a long time now. Terribly long. For a long time I didn't understand that I was dead. I just tried to make people hear me. My body is just as it was in life, tall - I am wearing a long white dress. It might not really be white. I seem white all over now.

• Are you always in this place?

No, I go to my old home sometimes. I don't have to stay on earth. I mean, there are lots of other places all around me here and now, but I can't get to them properly; I can't see in them usually, just dark shapes mostly. I seem trapped between two worlds. I just go round in circles. And sometimes I re-live my life. I only have to start remembering a bit of it and it all comes back - I mean literally, but that's horrible.

• Why?

Well, for one thing, I can't *do* anything. It all happens just exactly as it did before. Everything repeats itself. For another thing it seems so *empty*. I mean, all the things I wanted then, all the things I was interested in, just seem pointless now. I had a great urge to get into a round building - not the building itself, but what it represented - it was a sort of council or senate which governed this whole area. There are about a hundred women in it, and a kind of inner ring of twenty or so. I spent most of my time getting to know influential people. I would have made it quite soon, but I was drowned in a sailing accident. It was so important then, and it just bores me now. I had a lot of love affairs too - well, not much real love. I just can't stand going over it all.

• Can you see any other peoplle who have died?

Yes, sometimes. None of them look the same as they did in life, but you can still recognise them somehow. I'm the only one that looks the same - but perhaps that's only to myself. I can't talk to them. They all seem wrapped up in their own worlds. Some of them look horrible. But a lot of people aren't here. They must be free.

• How do you mean, free?

Not trapped. I'm trapped here because I can't get anywhere else. I think I understand why. I was too

tied up with the world. I only thought of material things, so now I am sort of tied to it. I never did anything to train myself to see things beyond the world, so now I can't do it even though I *am* beyond it. I didn't really believe there was anything beyond it - well, I never gave it much thought. Most people didn't; well, most of the people I knew.

• Are there any memories you enjoy?

Yes - well not enjoy exactly. When people were really kind to me or I was really kind to them. But that often brings back the times I was nasty - there were a lot of them. I really hate them now. I don t mind the times people were nasty to me. All the hurt seems to have gone out of those.

I went through a spiritual phase in my early teens. I keep coming back to that. It isn't dead. I get into me kneeling in my room with some candles and a little statue and I remember how I felt and I can feel it again; and because there aren't many outward actions it isn't a repeat. I can pray my own prayers, and I feel all weak and trembly as I did when I was young. And I can cry, because I used to cry then, just from the overwhelmingness of it all; and it's such a relief to be able to cry.

There are two candles, and I feel warm and happy. My parents weren't very religious and I used to keep this a secret from them because I felt embarrassed. I used to believe that the Daughter was right here with me, and I do now. I know She will help me. I can use this as a jumping-off point to get out of this world. When I was first dead it was just like when I was drowning. I felt completely trapped and out of my element. I m lucky really. A lot of people have never turned their eyes out of the world. I wonder how they escape. I wonder if they do. It's lucky I died young, too. It would have been harder if I'd been too set in my ways. I am full with love and happiness and tears.

PROJECTION 6

Note: The event of death is not uncommon in projections, particularly when the death is violent or under unusual circumstances. The Roman historian Diodorus Siculus records an Amazon campaign which liberated the whole of Asia Minor and many of the Aegean islands. Plutarch and numerous authorities record a similar campaign on the Greek mainland and surrounding territory. However, the explorer, Celia, feels her experience to be earlier than either.

* * * * *

• Can you see your feet?

Yes. I am wearing black shoes - no, they're boots reaching to the knees. Tough old boots, supple and well-polished. A short dress of heavy material with a very full skirt gathered with a cord wrapped around five or six times. A leather jacket or waistcoat - no, it isn't either, it's quite thick and covered with metal strips outlining the shape. It's a sort of armour. Over it all I have a long cloak and I am

wearing a helmet which covers my ears and has a sort of central ridge rising to a point at the back. There is a sword sheath hanging from a sort of fitting on the armour, but it is empty. The sword is in my hand. It is short and light. Quite broad. The hilt is in the shape of a crescent moon, and there are very intricate engravings at the base of the blade.

• Where are you?

There are a lot of buildings about. Lots of people too. I think there has been a battle. Wounded people lying about, being helped by sisters - women vowed to the religious life who know all sorts of healing arts and magical things. A lot of soldier-women are under their orders, helping with the wounded. Priestesses too. The priestesses have white robes with rich violet over-smocks. A group of sisters assists each one. The sisters are in long white brown or pale blue dresses with matching cloaks. They all have head veils - the priestesses too. The soldiers are incredibly gentle, as gentle as the sisters, though I know that an hour ago they were fighting like lions. They are very colourful. Some are in red, some in white, some in a sort of mauve. Very graceful in their movements. They mostly wear short full dresses. The colours are different sections or divisions, I think. Some have leather armour like mine, some no armour. Some walking about have shining silver breastplates. They are quite high officers. There are also some all in black with their hair tied in a long plait with a criss-cross of black ribbon. They are nicknamed the Black-ribbons. There is something special about them, but I can't remember what. A lot of these are mounted archers, but some are infantry, and those are mine. I am a junior officer, and I command a section of about two hundred. We have passed through about eight countries in the past season, winning victories at each.

• What is your purpose?

In these countries men have seized power and set up brutal tyrannies. They have smashed the temples of our Lady, murdered priestesses and set up idols in their own image - vicious male tyrants that they dare to call God. We have come to rescue the people. At each place we help to restore the old order and then move on to the next.

• Why are you so succesful?

Oh, there are a lot of reasons. Our troops are very special. Not like soldiers at all in the modern sense. They are very spiritually developed, and that makes them highly disciplined. They have fighting arts which seem almost magical to outsiders: it all comes from the rigorous spiritual training and discipline. When our Lady's enemies took over, the whole of society had gone rotten. They were completely selfish and unspiritual. They lived only for pleasure and money and sex. They had lost the spiritual vision and cared for nothing but material things. The whole thing was ripe for collapse. When it came it was almost for the best. A few of the better people ran away and formed little communities. The sisterhoods started. People really got back to the old way of life.

Their troops are terrified of death. They don't really believe in future life. But we know that we will pass either into the arms of our Mother or into some other state of life. And the people hate their new rulers. They are cowardly, but they often find quiet ways of helping us and our scouts can always get information out of them. Even a lot of the soldiers don't like fighting for their oppressors, and they know that if they

surrender we will get them out of the battle and treat them well, so quite a few of them surrender quite early on.

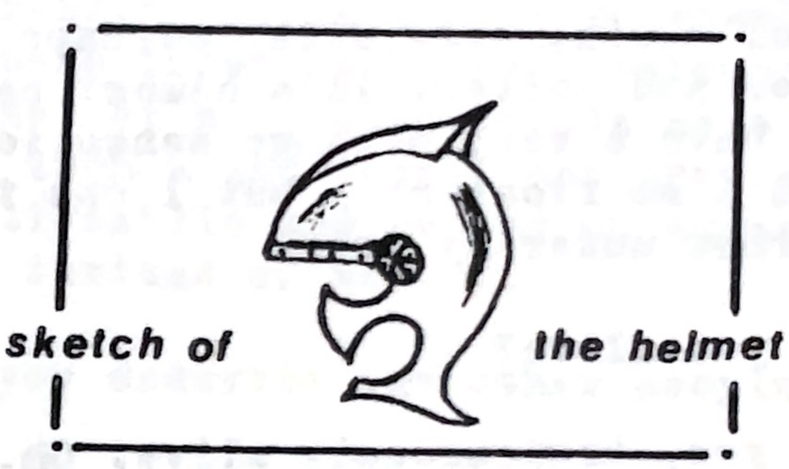
But mostly it is the quality of the troops. The forces of evil cannot stand against the forces of good. The male-states are always warring among themselves, and when one wins there is rape and burning and pillage. But if one of our soldiers steals so much as an egg she is disciplined. And she does not have to be caught, either. She will not sleep a night before she comes in tears begging for punishment and purification. That is real strength. Brutality is a sign of inner weakness. Only the pure are strong. We do not even take gifts offered in gratitude, and we may not even touch money. We are given wholly to the Goddess.

• But you have to kill?

Yes. We do not kill one person more than we have to. We never cause any unnecessary suffering. We treat a wounded enemy just like a wounded friend. But we do have to kill. The male-states kill and torture their enemies all the time, so in the end we probably save more lives than we take. But there is more to it than that. What happens to them when they die? If they have rejected the spirit, they flounder in darkness and confusion. Our priestesses are among the dying at this very moment, offering them the final sacrament. When they look death in the eye, nearly all take the chalice. Even if they only half-believe it will make things easier for them. Even now there are souls that passed over half an hour ago giving thanks with all their being that they died here in a state of grace, surrounded by the prayers of the sisters, rather than living another twenty years to die into the darkness.

• Are there any men with your army?

Yes, some. I'm not sure about them myself. They tend to be undisciplined; they go overboard in attacks sometimes, and seem as if they want to carry on after we've won. I've got about a dozen in my section. They form a little section of their own, and they're really quite good. I threw out one or two who weren't, and they need a firm hand, but I'm really very proud of them.



sketch of the helmet

• Do you think your victory will be permanent?

It all depends on the people. In the end all these things are spiritual. If they learn their lesson and turn back to our Lady they will survive. But if they go bad again it will all happen over again. If the light isn't in them all the armies in the world can't save them in the end. They seem to have turned back to the light, but it's hard to tell if it will last. There is so much evil in the world now.

Oh! I feel strange. Something is happening. My back. A great spreading pain. I feel sick. A knife. Someone threw it into me. I can see it now. My body is on the ground, and I am outside it. Some sort of surprise attack. The black-ribbons are encircling the sisters and priestesses. They go on with their work. The others are attacking. The raiders are beaten off. All over as quickly as it started. Or was it quick? I've lost my sense of time. I can't stay. I'm coming back.

PROJECTION 7

Note: The explorer is Marie.

• What are you wearing?

A diaphanous white or pale green cloth, falling all around me. Very bright and shining, more shimmering, really. It seems to be a very special sort of cloth, like silk, perhaps, but lighter and softer. It's almost part of me. I have a very strange sensation, as though I am floating - but I can feel the grass under my feet.

• Are you alive?

Oh, yes, tremendously alive. Oh, that sounds silly. I definitely feel that I am not in a different state of life. This is earth, I'm sure. The grass, the trees - I can see oaks and beeches - I can feel the sun on my skin. But everything is young, fresh and full of light. This is hundreds of thousands of years ago, perhaps millions. I feel wonderful. Everything is so real, so bright - I feel the real essence of everything is so near the surface. Yes, I think that must be it.

• Do you feel the same about yourself?

Yes, I do. I feel much more at home, at peace with myself. And very independent, not so easily influenced by things around me or other people. More in control. And yet I feel at one with things - with the world. Very calm...

• Contented?

I wouldn't say that. That sounds like completion. I don't feel complete. The calmness is good, but not an important thing in itself. It feels like a preliminary or a necessary condition. A bit like Virginia Woolf's 'A Room of Her Own' - the need for peace and quiet to be creative, to achieve something worthwhile. I am not sure what it is, but I feel it has to do with myself - with *becoming* not making or doing.

• Are there any other people about?

Yes, I can see two others coming towards me. They are dressed as I am, but in silvery-blue rather than green. There is something strange about their clothing, something I don't understand. They are very close to me now - they are friends of mine. I can feel the warmth of their friendship - it's almost a telepathic impression. All the communication seems to be on two levels. One is asking me to go with them, smiling, because she already knows that I shall agree. And it's important, special to all of us. So much is accepted between us that it is hard for me to put it into words. There is a close bond between the three of us, as though we are sisters, but I feel it's not a blood relationship.

Their clothing and mine - I think I'm beginning to understand - it's not ordinary clothing at all. It is part of the aura which is somehow made more tangible and responds to the movements of the person. That explains why I have felt so unhampered by my clothing - because it *is* part of me. I have complete control of it, can change its shape, use it to express emotions or movement. I think being able to see, or potentially see, the auras of things is what gives the landscape its extra dimension. I feel that the clothes we wear today are poor attempts at this sort of thing rather

than developments from animal skins as we're always told. We seem to be moving very quickly, although without hurrying. I can feel an odd sort of excitement in myself and in the others.

• Do you know where you are going?

I am there now. I think I have been taking part in some kind of dance. Everyone has come here to the centre. I'm reminded of spiral mazes, but I can't tell if that's just something I'm imposing on my feeling from outside. I can't be sure. But anyway, this feels like the centre - the centre of all things. The energy here is amazing. It has almost a tangible feeling of countless ages, stretching into eternity - everywhere else seems so fresh and young.

• Can you describe the place?

That's very difficult, because it's at least two places at once. It's a clearing in the wood, grass bright green, trees all around like sentinels. But it is also a temple. You can see the shining silver walls. How can I explain? It is as if the *physical* structure of this place is a clearing in a wood, but its *etheric* structure is a temple, and I can see both. The temple part isn't *natural*. I mean it was built up by maids a very long time ago. It isn't the spontaneous emission of the trees and the other physical things here. I think they shaped the temple from what *was* here; and doing that they 'charged' the place somehow, so that it has a soul-shaking effect on anyone who comes here. I have a strong feeling that there is something beyond, something eternal and unchanging which I think is all linked up with the temple and the trees. It's tremendous - almost too much for me.

• Are there other buildings or is this the only one?

Yes, there are others, smaller places. But I feel this must be the first of them all, and the others followed - perhaps from the desire for solitary or local worship. It comes to me - as if I *know* - that physical buildings came afterwards, perhaps to complement the etheric or sometimes because the gift of etheric building had been lost - or just because as people became more physical they needed physical structures as well. How strange - it is always supposed that caves came first, but they obviously came last of all, when people were living at such a low level that they had lost all skills and relied on animal instinct instead of memory.

• Can you describe the other people there?

Yes - the priestess. She is stepping into the centre now. Behind and above her is a statue of a woman - the Goddess, of course - part of the etheric structure. It is as if the priestess is stepping into it, becoming one with it. There is something *live* about it, not dead like a stone statue; it's glowing with energy and this is passing through the priestess. No, it's not a vision, it has been made just like a statue, built up, but it is being used - by spiritual beings, not by us. The others here - there are quite a lot, I think, more than I can see. I recognise some as friends, some just by sight - but I feel in harmony with everyone. They are all my sisters. All women? Yes, I think so, but that is difficult. How can I express it? Almost as though being here *made* it so, or would make it so whatever was the case outside.

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Postscript: The final passage is obscure, but Marie explained in discussion afterwards that she thought it meant that sex differentiation was very tenuous if it existed at all. In any case, the temple would bring out the female soul in any person.

PROJECTION 8

Note: The explorer is Mary.

I am wearing white satiny slippers laced with ribbon of a similar material. A flowing white dress in several layers and a white veil. It is dark but near to dawn. The sky is quite pale in the east. It is not cold. I have come from somewhere darker - a little stone hut or chamber with candles and one little window of dark red and green glass. I have been there all night, but I have not slept. I was keeping vigil in prayer and meditation. I felt very tired at times, but now I am full of life and I feel I can see the whole world more clearly. I have only just put on these clothes. There are trees and fields, a fence and a dusty road. It is early spring. I am a girl of fourteen or fifteen. I am making my way toward a little church or temple. It is grey, low and wide with huge doors. As I come in I can see that it is not so low or so little. It has a high roof supported by columns that break into curving branches at the top - I think they represent the sacred grove. There are a number of little shrines to Geniae*. I recognise some - Pallas, Hebe - and Moira, I think**. Each has offerings of candles and flowers. One has a great number, but I don't know why, and I don't recognise who she is.

There are lots of people, but no seats. They sit on the floor in what looks like an eastern posture, but their faces are neither eastern nor western. There is a very complicated mosaic in a sort of maze-pattern covering the floor. It is pale blue on gold - turquoise, really. I think they sit each at some particular point of the design. A lot of the columns are wooden and finely carved, and there are dark wooden screens separating various areas of the temple. I make my way to the front. There is a great altar right at the end, under a huge window which looks more like a jewel than stained glass. The altar has three tiers leading up to it. It is of stone and supported by two life-sized stone figures of kneeling Geniae. On it there is a silver statue of the Goddess Herself, also a beautiful chalice in heavy faceted crystal and several other things that I can't recognise. The statue is more than life size, and Her arms are open as if welcoming us to Her. The altar cloth is white and velvety. It does not cover the whole of this huge altar but forms a square about three feet wide at the front and centre on which the chalice and other things are placed. It hangs down, is edged in gold and has a Resurrection Cross embroidered in gold on the front. There are banks of white flowers at the sides, and white candles in front of them. It is not always so white - this is a white festival.

There are three other girls dressed as I am kneeling in a little enclosure at the front of the temple. I join them. I was half thinking that this would be my initiation, but now I understand that I am already initiated - a little while ago. This is to be my first proper communion.

There is a priestess. I can see her, but I can also see forces surrounding her. I seem to be entering a state of heightened awareness. There are Geniae assisting the ritual, manipulating the forces, pouring power into it. They are incredibly beautiful, but I can only

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*Geniae: angelic spirits.

** Pallas: Genia of wisdom; Hebe: Genia of childhood; Moira: Genia of personal fate.

half see them. Forms and structures of dazzling etheric light are being built up by the words and actions of the rite. Who can see them? The priestess? I'm not sure. There are several younger priestesses assisting her. One of them can see more than I can. I can tell that.

Dawn is breaking outside, and light is beginning to flood in through that beautiful window. The two kinds of light do not conflict; they harmonise with each other. The light-forms correspond exactly to the structure of the temple. It is incredibly ancient. I see now that every tiny detail of it fits into a super-physical pattern. How often I've been bored during rites while all this was going on before my unseeing eyes! There is so much to see, I can't begin to tell it all. Not only people, but the nature spirits of all the surrounding country seem to be gathered here. Some are nearly visible - if I were purer I could see them. They are absorbing the force of the ceremony, but also adding to it...

I approach the altar. The priestess holds a small round loaf. It is the body of the Daughter. She breaks it between her hands. It hurts me; I have to turn my head away. The chalice of Her spirit is wonderfully radiant. The priestess puts the bread in my mouth, and I know that I have hungered all my life for this bread. I feel faint, but there is a thrill inside me. I take the chalice, and the light shines into my eyes. I can't believe that they can't all see it. The sun is up. Her rays stream in, broken into a hundred colours by the window. I see our Lady's gentle eyes as I drink Her Spirit. I feel that She has taken my hands in Hers. I feel that I understand the pattern. I am at one with the Geniae and the people and the priestesses. I want to give myself to the Daughter and love them all as She does. I can say no more. My heart is filled with light.

FINAL WORDS

In breaking the time-barrier, we have also broken a long-standing deadlock in our psychic investigation of human existence. The submerged majority of human civilisation has been made accessible - the almost limitless field of the matriarchal ages lies open to us.

What is now needed are more people to widen and deepen our knowledge by serious investigation. The simplicity of the method makes this a distinct possibility for the near future, and we will gladly put people in the same area in touch with each other in order that they can form local research groups. But there is no reason why small groups of friends should not work on their own.

If you would like to take part in the work, please send us detailed accounts of your projections together with any relevant information and comments. And please say whether it may be published, as we are considering the publication of a much larger work dealing with the

results of numerous investigations.

In the projections in this handbook, we have attempted to cover the major periods of pre-patriarchal history. In practice it will be found that the great majority of projections fall into the central matriarchal period, which is by far the longest shown on the time-chart; so although central matriarchal projections are strongly represented here, they are not strictly proportionate.

For investigative purposes it is important to try to place your own projections accurately on the time chart. This can be done partly by using any evidence in the projection itself. The intuitive placing of the explorer either during or immediately after projection can also be valuable here.

It is important also to gain more knowledge of the broad divisions within the central matriarchal period. This should by no means be thought of as a single phase of history - in the past three thousand years, patriarchy has passed through many widely contrasting types of civilisation; and in the central matriarchal period, which lasted for tens of thousands of years, there were a great many more different periods and ages.

What at first may make them all seem similar is the absolute centrality of spiritual things and of the religion of the Goddess in all except the very late matriarchal societies. It has been written that: "the real *political* difference between matriarchy and patriarchy is that in patriarchy religious institutions are only important insofar as they subserve political ends, whereas in matriarchy, political institutions are only important insofar as they subserve spiritual ends" and what is true of matriarchal politics is true of every area of matriarchal life. The heart of a matriarchal society lies not in external things, but in the inward spirit. In an unpublished portion of her projection, Celia told how even the arts of archery and the sword were spiritual disciplines. The archer must lose herself wholly, must give herself up to the universal Spirit, must become one with the shaft and with the target. It was a discipline that took many years to attain in even the smallest degree; yet she who had attained selflessness in archery was not only a deeply spiritual person, but could shoot with unerring accuracy and (she was often an old woman) to distances far beyond any she might have attained by mere physical strength.

The arts of war were not known in the central matriarchal period, but this same spirit pervaded all art. Every person was encouraged to be in some degree an artist. But the painter, the carver, the poet, all sought not to express themselves, but to free themselves from themselves, that they might say "not I, but She that creates through me". Self-expression came in the particular and unique form in which God shows Herself in each individual.

It is this which makes our investigations more than mere exercises in curiosity: for the spiritual message of the matriarchal ages is of vital importance for our own age. It also brings us full circle; for it was the growing spiritual force of the religion of the Goddess in our own age which made the first breaches in the time-barrier. We would like to thank Lux Madriana for their help in this and in many other more mundane but no less vital ways. If you wish to make contacts to form a group, to send us your projections, or want any help or advice, write to: Psychic Research Into Matriarchy (PRIM), C/O Lux Madriana, 40, St John St., Oxford.

An Introduction to the Faith

The religion of the Goddess, which was the living heart of all the matriarchal societies, is beginning to return to the modern world. Countless people are finding spiritual renewal in a return to this true home of the human soul. Lux Madriana is an organisation dedicated to spreading information about the faith and helping to reorganise it both as a religion and as a way of life in the modern world.

We have produced a set of four booklets which give a well-rounded introduction to the Madrian faith. The first two give an outline of Madrian belief and practice, and the second two provide a selection from Madrian scripture.

The Rite of Sacrifice

A simple and ancient Rite of devotion which can be celebrated in homes and groups, with an outline of the Madrian calendar, monthly and yearly festivals, etc. (the sacrifice is a small honey-cake).

The Catechism of the Children of the Goddess

All the essential beliefs of Catholic Madrianism in concise question-and-answer form, with appendices on personal devotion, etc.

The Creation and the Crystal Tablet

The story of the creation of the world by the Goddess, together with the Divine teaching on the spiritual/moral principles of existence. With an introduction on the meaning of mythic truth.

The Mythos of the Divine Maid

The story of the nativity, life, death and resurrection of the Daughter of the Goddess. The pure essence behind all human religion.

The booklets are 30p each post free or £1 for the full set.

The Coming Age a quarterly magazine containing articles, stories, etc. on all aspects of Madrianism, news of Madrian activities, seasonal festivals and their celebration. Current copy 35p. Back issue 25p.

LUX MADRIANA 40, St John St., Oxford

A Breakthrough in Reincarnation Research

The Moira Method is an astonishing new technique for 'projecting' the consciousness back into previous earthly incarnations. It is safe, effective and requires nothing more than three people and a room (it can be managed with two people). This 'waking dream' technique produces experiences of past lives so vivid that one actually appears to be re-living a part of them, but does not involve hypnosis, deep trance states, etc.

But the Method goes far deeper than that. By a process of attunement it enables the explorer to penetrate into the deep-past. In a series of personal projection accounts it shows how the patriarchal societies of the last 4,000 years are only the tip of a vast iceberg of human civilisation. It explains how to penetrate the 'time barrier' which separates us from the deeply spiritual female civilisations which make up the main body of human history, and which have a spiritual message of startling relevance for today. It is this which makes the Moira Method a unique and epoch-making breakthrough in reincarnation research.

The Method can take you as far as you want to go; whether you are just look- for a unique experience or for a new spiritual direction. But be warned: it really works. And whatever else happens, the world will never seem quite the same place again.

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